





# RITUALISM,

BY

THE RIGHT HON. W. EWART GLADSTONE, M.P.,

EXAMINED;

THE ANTI-CATHOLIC CHARGES ANSWERED;

BY

J. STEWART M'CORRY, D.D.

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## NOTE.

The following paper is the embodiment of two lectures, delivered after Sunday's Vespers in the church of the *Fathers of Charity*, on the 11th and 18th October. It seems, therefore, pre-eminently a work of *charity*, at the present moment, to remove misconception and to communicate correct information to the public at large, upon what has become the salient topic of the day. The writer aspires to no higher privilege than to be, in his own sphere, the humble mouthpiece of the doctrine and discipline of the Holy, Ancient, Roman Church, as well as to parry the attacks which, either from ignorance or malevolence, are constantly aimed against the impregnable citadel of Eternal Truth.

Clarence Gardens, Regent's Park.

Feast of St. Peter of Alcantara, October 19, 1874.

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# RITUALISM.

The *Contemporary Review* for this month of October, with truth, it may be said, has disturbed the public mind from its propriety. An article, on the question of the day, of surpassing literary excellence, but unfortunately blurred with certain exceptional blemishes, has appeared in its pages. It has proceeded from the graceful pen of a most distinguished statesman, who has surprised his readers with the novelty of his views, and his unlooked-for attacks. We hope to approach the consideration of the subject with all candour, and with the calm dignity which conscious innocence must ever inspire.

Before, however, entering upon our Ritualistic Review, permit me to indulge in a little personal episode. The reference should attune the most ruffled feelings if disturbed, because the word "Pax"—Peace—is the hallowed motto of St. Benedict, which we must adopt in our politico-polemical conflict, since it is genial to ourselves, and because it is stamped upon all his glorious institutes. But we are all tranquil here in this temple of religion. Well, upon last Sunday it fell to my lot to officiate in a very beautiful Benedictine Abbey in a picturesque locality, East Bergholt, Suffolk. The position is all that could be desired for solitude, with wood and water, and the grounds charmingly undulating. The convent chapel, in the old devotional Roman style, is a gem of the purest ray; the sanctuary, in exquisite taste, with its marble altar and corresponding adornments, its statuary of the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Madonna and St. Joseph; its stained glass windows so happily characteristic of the Order—our Lord, as the Good Shepherd, sur-



rounded with lambs, presenting the keys to St. Peter as the pastor of the fold—a memorial window to the late chaplain, Bishop Wareing; then the patron saints of the abbey, Benedict and Scholastica, and other suitable interior decorations. The exterior is in wonderful keeping, so quiet and dignified the architecture of the old mansion, with its new adjuncts of scholastic buildings for the education of young ladies of high and low degree; the massive tower, or rather Roman *campanile*, surmounted with the cross, abutting the chapel and adding solemn grandeur to the romantic landscape. Then the *Matin*, *Vesper*, *Angelus* bells alternately sounding the notes of prayer and praise and uplifting the chaste hearts of the cloistered inmates from earth to heaven. In a word, the abbey may be described as an earthly Paradise, or, if you choose so to speak, heaven upon earth. In its retirement it is after the fashion of St. Benedict's Cave at Subiaco, and St. Scholastica's Abbey near Monte Cassino—to which, in former years, we made a pilgrimage, as is recorded in our "Monks of Iona," which was dedicated to the Marquis of Lorne. We must not omit a brief reference to the most beautiful little conventual cemetery, where the visitor is reminded to breathe a requiem for the souls departed, till the trumpet sounds the note of resurrection. Almost directly opposite, yet at a respectful distance, stands a large and stately church, built, it is said, at the cost of Cardinal Wolsey, and which is chilled with a cold modern worship and frozen with a non-Ritualistic service. On Monday I wended my way to Ipswich to visit its respected pastor, who is busy in the work of conversion, as proved by the previous day's Confirmation by the Lord Bishop of Northampton. On arriving at the station my eye was arrested by an imposing placard, "*The Contemporary Review*—Gladstone on Ritualism." I asked for a copy, and was told that every one was sold. This simple circumstance speaks volumes: it proves the popularity of the work—it indicates the extensive circulation of this latest elaborate production which has proceeded from the facile pen of the accomplished writer. Already has it reached the ninth edition, and, notwithstanding its republication and the greediness with which it has been devoured, I hesitate not to characterize sundry statements as unworthy of the well-known name and discreditable to the fair fame of the supposed Liberal and enlightened statesman. We must speak out distinctly. Public works become public property, and therefore challenge public criticism. We say, then, advisedly, that the writer has ignominiously stooped to court

popularity by ventilating falsehoods; he has debased the dignity of his position by pandering to anti-Catholic bigotry; he has descended to the low level of Crown Court and the Southwark Tabernacle by volunteering the most wanton onslaught against the Mother-Church of Christendom! These are grave accusations, very deliberately made, and which we shall prove to a demonstration in the sequel.

Let us begin at the beginning, and try to see our way through this tortuous labyrinth, in which so many intelligent minds, upon the question of Ritualism, are sadly bewildered. Indeed, the learned author himself, notwithstanding the beauty of his diction and his undoubted felicity of illustration, is by no means at home with the subject upon which he has adventured so largely to expatiate. He also is in a maze, not unlike the maze at Hampton Court—when in, you cannot well get out—and he seeks in vain to extricate himself and others from their Ritualistic complications. Nor can this be matter of surprise. In the first place, like all non-Catholics, he is in a false position and necessarily entangled. In the second place, he is only learning, and never arriving at the truth. Indeed, he told us a few weeks ago, in the House of Commons, that he was ignorant of the meaning of Ritualism! Notwithstanding his elaborate dissertation, he has still much to learn, and from that very quarter against which he has been so loud in denunciation. He is certainly in a false position, because he has emphatically declared himself *toto cælo* opposed to Rome, and therefore utterly anti-Catholic. Consequently he is unable satisfactorily to explain the mystical meanings of those rites and that ritual which belong exclusively to the Catholic and Roman Church. Those rites, that ritual, so-called Ritualists have travestied by Mr. Disraeli's "masquerading the Mass," and by ridiculously attempting to introduce the Divine Roman ceremonial into the human Anglican service. Surely this is abnormal as it is incongruous. It is, as it is said, sailing under false colours. It is assuming a position which is unwarrantable. It is clothing oneself in a garb without any right, or as the Pope jocularly told that nondescript, Father Ignatius, when presented to him in the Benedictine costume, that it was not the habit that made the monk! We have Scriptural warning against the wolf who clothes himself in the garment of the lamb!—a warning which all non-Catholic preachers should take home to themselves!

Hence the loud cry of Romanism which everywhere greets the ears of the Ritualists; hence the plausible charge of

Papists in disguise which everywhere accompanies their ministrations; hence the transparent inconsistency of preaching Roman doctrines and employing Roman ceremonies and putting on Roman vestments, and not recognizing at length the infallible head of the Holy Roman Church. For the Church, in communion with the See of Rome, is the only true Church, or she is not. If not, where is the true Church to be found? God is one—truth is one—the Church of God, being essentially true, must of necessity be one. She must be one and universal—one for all ages—one for all countries. Those so-called churches separated from the Holy Roman Church are State Churches, national Churches, human Churches. Their clergy—or the gentlemen who preach and minister at public worship—are laymen unordained, unconsecrated—they are laymen who have no sacred orders—who have no ecclesiastical jurisdiction—who have no Divine authority to teach or to baptize—who have no heaven-born power to administer the Sacraments, and to offer the great Sacrifice of the New Law. The voice of the Catholic Church compels us to declare, that they are sheer pretenders in the Christian ministry—that they have no right to preach and less right to administer Sacraments. The Ritualists may enact Ritualism—they may employ rites and rituals; but all this is a sheer delusion. They may erect religious temples after the most approved plan of architecture, as suggested at the Brighton Congress—they may fit up a table and call it an altar—they may decorate it with flowers and illuminate it with candles—they may have bells ringing, incense burning, banners streaming, organs pealing, processions moving—they may imitate the Roman ritual to the very letter—they may put on vestments of silk or satin, silver or gold—they may even attempt to celebrate the Holy Mass and to pronounce the awful words of consecration! Yet what is all this? Truth—eternal truth—constrains us to proclaim all this religious acting as a fond delusion, a deceitful snare! It is the shadow without the substance, the shell without the kernel, the nullity without the reality of the Christian religion. Yet this is Anglican Ritualism! Here, pictured to your mind's eye, stands revealed the Ritualistic service of the day, which is a barren imitation of the Roman ritual!

The haziness which broods over Mr. Gladstone's essay has just now been dissipated by an outspoken address presented to Mr. Disraeli. The right honourable gentleman,



it is idle to say, is a most consummate tactician—deliberative and active, equal to the emergency of the moment; he watches with a keen eye the signs of the times, the drifting of the clouds; he observes from what quarter the wind blows, and if it be likely to rise into a hurricane; he steers his Conservative bark accordingly like a master pilot, prepared to weather the storm. He was at the helm the other night when a tempest arose in the house, denouncing Ritualism through every mood and tense of the Protestant vocabulary. He seized the favourable moment; he unfurled his sails and called on the “jolly tars” of the Cabinet that the Ritualists were “masquerading the Mass,” and must be opposed. He hereupon sailed with the popular breeze, and the popular song of “Rule Britannia” into the glorious harbour of the *Blessed Reformation!* No marvel that cheers loud and long should have welcomed his triumphant pilotage of the Anglican State ship! No marvel also that the ex-Premier should have been left on his raft, forlorn and forsaken, stranded with his six Resolutions, till he has lately sought refuge in the haven of the *Contemporary Review!*

Mr. Gladstone wishes to treat Ritualism by itself, irrespective of doctrine. Mr. Disraeli does quite the reverse, and by indorsing with his public approval the following unmistakable resolution he gives us to understand what are his diplomatic sentiments in regard to the Catholic and the non-Catholic religious systems. We take the following extract from the *Echo* of the 12th October:—

The following resolution was passed at the Provincial Grand Orange Lodge of the North-Eastern District and forwarded to the Right Hon Benjamin Disraeli:—“That as Ritualism is not merely ‘a shade of thought’ or a difference in circumstantial or non-essentials in the matter of religion, but a symbolic and histrionic mode of worship rooted in deadly error, naturally repudiated by ‘this Protestant kingdom,’ and proved, by numerous instances of the perversion of rituals to have its natural outcome in the adoption of the Roman Catholic faith, we thank God that in His providence He has given us a Protestant prime minister, the Right Hon. Benjamin Disraeli, who in his prescient outspokenness, recognizes in it the beginning of a coming struggle between Ultramontanism and superstition on the one hand, and faith and freedom on the other, and which as such he pledges himself to ‘put down,’ and we call upon all true English Protestants to rally round him and a Protestant banner.” Mr. Disraeli has sent a reply, stating that “he feels greatly honoured by the terms of the resolution.”

Let us now hear the other side. The adventurous ex-Premier has undertaken to develop the bearing of

Ritualism, but undoubtedly he has not succeeded. In his opening page he writes: "Ritualism surely means an undue disposition to Ritual." This might be called almost a *petitio principii*—a begging the question. It is met at once in *limine primo* by the Ritualists, who deny flatly the assertion. He proceeds then after a fashion—

"To consider what is the true measure and meaning of Ritual, in order thus to arrive at a clear conception of that *vice* in its use which is designated by the name of Ritualism."

Here, again, the assertion is denied that Ritualism is a vice. Mr. Gladstone, who repudiates Papal infallibility, must not expect that his mere *ipse dixit* can be accepted as Gospel.

"Ritual, then (he continues), is the clothing which, in some form and in some degree, men naturally and inevitably give to the performance of the public duties of religion. Beyond the religious sphere the phrase is never carried; but the thing appears, and cannot but appear, under other names. In all the more solemn and stately public acts of man we find employed that investiture of the acts themselves, with an appropriate exterior, which is the essential idea of Ritual. The subject-matter is different, but the principle is the same: it is the use and adaptation of the outward for the expression of the inward."

Now this laboured definition, or rather periphrastic mode of explanation, is far too verbose. Definitions should be clear, curt, incisive. The definition here of Ritual is quite the contrary. However, let it pass meantime, as we shall give afterwards the genuine definition. *Transeat*, as we were wont to say in the Roman schools. We cannot, however, say *Transeat* to what follows, since the writer makes the most unfortunate speech, which tends to stultify the whole essay, and to prove its utter abortion!

He has the simplicity to write that the connection of Ritual with doctrine is "excluded from the field of these remarks." Now how can this be? How can the connection of Ritual with doctrine be excluded? They must go hand in hand—they form, as it were, the body and soul—they are inseparably connected, or, if I may use a palpable illustration familiar to you all, they may be regarded in a certain sense as the Siamese twins, which refuse laceration! Exclude doctrine from Ritual, and the question which is creating such ferment in the public mind is set aside. It is precisely because the public mind associates Ritual with doctrine, that the cry of woe is raised throughout the length and breadth of Great Britain, that Popery is advancing! Take away doctrine from Ritual, and you take away the substance, and—*stat nominis umbra*—the shadow of the name simply

remains. Take away doctrine from Ritual, and you take away the thing signified and leave the sign—you take away the kernel and leave only the shell. This is admitted by a whole host of critics who have reviewed the essay, and in this particular they are undoubtedly right. The *Times*, the *Pall Mall*, the *Spectator* and other first-class journals say as much. The writer labours hard to wriggle himself out of much embarrassment by dint of special pleading, when he blandly writes:—

Ritual is, therefore, treated in a purely subjective manner; it is “a legitimate accompaniment, nay, effect of the religious life;” its purpose is to “supply wings to the soul in its callow efforts at upward flight;” its “just measure is to be found in the degree in which it furnishes that assistance to the individual Christian.” The question to be resolved is this, “What degree and form of Ritual is it that helps me, and what is it that hampers and impedes me in the performance of the work for which all congregations of Christians assemble in their churches?”

Now this is beautiful writing, and gives evidence of a devotional spirit; but, as logicians say, it is *non ad rem*—it is *extra questionem*—it is irrelevant. It is not grappling with the question at issue—it is off the main line—to use railway phraseology—It is going into a siding. It is off the scent, says the huntsman. There is, then, no question of “supplying wings to the soul.” There is no question of the devotional “assistance” which Ritualism supplements. There is no question of “helping or hampering” Christian congregations; but there is question emphatically of what is Ritualism in itself—what is Ritualism in its being and bearing—in one word, in its *objective* character. It cannot therefore be “treated in a purely *subjective* manner.” The question must be taken as a whole and answered, or to introduce it at all was perfectly nugatory. Worldly matters are not treated in this perfunctory way, neither should be religious. At the Bar and in the Senate no half measures are recognized. Besides, no hearing could be given to irrelevant matter till the question at issue had been properly settled. Therefore Ritualism must be tested in its *objective* as well as its subjective character. This all-important point should not be left in the air like Mahomet’s coffin. This question of questions should not remain undecided. Yet this point has not been touched—this question of questions the distinguished writer has utterly failed to grapple with. Ritualism means something or it means nothing. If it means something, what is that something? If it refers to doctrine, what is that doctrine?



Let us now endeavour to be most pointed, and to render our definitions palpably plain. There are three words which demand elucidation, and in which the whole argument is concentrated. Rite—Ritual—Ritualism, are terms which we therefore thus define. Rite is an authorized ceremonial observance. Ritual is an authorized book of rites or a record of ceremonials. Ritualism is the authorized system of rites, forms, ceremonials. We submit that this explanation is clear, that these definitions are unexceptionable, and that due ecclesiastical authority must stamp with its legitimate seal whatever pertains to rite, ritual, Ritualism. Moreover, let us be still more explicit, if need be, for the Ritual is the Book of Rites, according to the Holy Roman See, which is in the hands of every Catholic priest in Christendom, and which prescribes whatever is to be done to mortal man from the cradle to the grave, in regard to the Sacraments and the sacramentals of the Church. Time forbids us to enter into details, which would afford ample matter for a long series of lectures.

As it is absolutely necessary to lay down certain fixed principles before proceeding with any thesis, so it is necessary to prepare the foundations before erecting the superstructure. If this be true in physics, it is equally true in morals. If this, then, be the case, we hold that the learned writer has failed to clear out the ground for his foundation-stone—he has failed to build up his superstructure according to rule—he has failed to elucidate the problems which the very name of Ritualism has imported into the controversy—he has failed to remove the bone of contention amongst High Church, Low Church and Broad Church religionists—after mature deliberation at home and journeying abroad he has failed to solve the vexed question which was the subject of the recent Parliamentary discussions, and which evoked such luminous articles from the ablest journalists of the day. The whole gist of the controversy turns upon Ritualism in as far as it bears upon doctrine. It is Ritualism, not in the abstract, but in the concrete; it is Ritualism, not in name, but in reality, which is stirring up public attention, and challenging the sympathy or the antipathy of High Church and Low Church religionists. Yet the honourable gentleman who has attempted to loose the Gordian knot of Ritualism has failed, according to the admission both of friends and foes. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, with other reviewers, in pronouncing on its merits, says, “Instead of an essay in politics on a grave political question, we have only an essay



on the æsthetics of devotion, by an amateur critic." This criticism is very incisive, and far from being complimentary. It brands the essay as a failure from a political standpoint, and from a polemical standpoint we also brand it!

The writer, then, has failed in his politico-polemical-essay. He has failed as a statesman, he has failed as a theologian. He has failed as a statesman by dividing, instead of cementing, the British Empire—by insulting well-nigh one-third of her Majesty's loyal subjects in the British dominions, and thereby alienating them from his political administration—he has failed as a theologian by not grasping the question—by groping in the dark, and if I may be allowed the expressive simile, by playing at blind man's buff, in regard to this politico-polemical game! He has kept aloof from the pivot on which Ritualism turns. He has ignored the questions with which Ritualism is identified. He has kept in abeyance the doctrines which give spasmodic vitality to Anglican Ritualism, and for which Ritualists are prepared to become pseudo martyrs! Hence do we contend that he does not see his way, that he is egregiously mystified; that he is surrounded with a November fog; that he has made what is said a leap in the dark, or, rather, the member for Greenwich has played another desperate card, by bidding high for office, to the miserable tune of—No Romanism! Thus, despite his vaunted Liberalism, he tries to outrun in the race for office the Conservative Premier, who has also No Roman Superstition inscribed upon his banner! *Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ!* The public press announced that somebody chalked "No Popery" on the walls and scampered off! The same farce has again been enacted in the pages of the *Contemporary Review!*

That cry was the political death-warrant for Lord John Russell at the establishment of the English Hierarchy.

The same cry must doom the fated ex-Premier to political inanition; it must fail to recuscitate his waning popularity; it must recoil against his prospects of the premiership, since its denunciation of civil and religious liberty has been amusingly cartooned in a recent Dublin print—"Mokanna Gladstone"—the veiled Prophet of Khorassan—"casts off his mask, and the fanatic stands revealed!"

Ritualism, therefore, according to our definition, is the authorised system of rites, forms, ceremonials in reference to religious services. There is undoubtedly in Ritualism, as in the coin of the realm, the genuine and the spurious.

There is the true and the counterfeit; the substance and the shadow; the reality and the nullity. There is Ritualism duly sanctioned by Church authority, and there is Ritualism capriciously introduced by private sentiment. The one is Catholic and true—the other is non-Catholic and false. The one is from Heaven—the other from the earth. The one from God—the other from man. The public weal demands of us to be straightforward—to speak in no bated breath—to speak explicitly, so as not to be misunderstood. We have no idea of imitating the Delphic oracle in using words convertible into different senses, or of employing diplomatic language which signifies everything or nothing. Hence we have no sympathy with the speech of the prince of diplomats, that “language is given to conceal our thoughts.” We hold, on the contrary, that words are furnished to express our ideas, and that when there is question of any point bearing on religion, we cannot be too clear and declaratory.

But from mere politico - polemical skirmishing, let us fall back upon the great battle of life. Let us come home to ourselves. Let us take account with our spiritual and corporal constitution. Let us suppose that we do exist; that we really have bodies and souls; that we do not belong to the school of frantic thought, which proclaims everything to be imagination and that the universe is a chimera; that we are not the self-conceited followers of Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Bradlaugh, *et hoc genus omne*—which may justly be characterized as *gens inimica homini—gens inimica Deo*—a generation of pedantic sophists, wrapt up in their own mighty nothingness, but who would upset all laws, both human and Divine! Let me also suppose that you recognize the necessity not only of a religion which is to bind the creature to the Creator, but of a revelation which is to show the creature how to worship the Creator. Let me, moreover, suppose that you appreciate the claims of the Christian Catholic dispensation; that you believe in Christianity as something heaven-born; that you accept the Christian institute as an emanation from the Deity—as one and indivisible—as equally incapable of deterioration as of improvement, because originally stamped with the Divine seal of infinite perfection!

You then hold your existence as proceeding from the Great Creator of Heaven and Earth; you hold that you are the offspring of fathers and mothers, who were the children of natural parents, who also were descended in the order of providence from primeval progenitors; you hold that you are

not the offshoots of what, in the language of the day, is called temporary evolutions—of the mushroom growth; that you are the descent of human beings, not the spawn of fish, nor the offspring of the monkey tribe, nor yet the product of the vegetable world!

Moreover, you believe that you are possessed of a soul which is immortal, whereas your body is subject to the laws of mortality. You believe, then, that it is your duty, as confessedly it is your interest, to worship your Maker in accordance with the constitution of your nature. Had you only a soul, you should worship like the angels and other disembodied spirits; but, as you have a body superadded to the soul, you must worship accordingly. At present it would be out of place, besides out of time, to enter upon an elaborate disquisition in regard to *external* and *internal* religious worship. All of you admit both one and the other. You admit interior and exterior worship. The question simply resolves itself into the "*modus colendi*"—the mode of worship.

How are we to worship? Is every one to worship as he likes?—or as High Church, Low Church, Broad Church, Moderate Church may dictate? On the other hand, is there any defined, definite, determined way in which worship is to be presented to the Deity? Catholics, in all times, and in all countries, have no difficulty in answering these questions. Non-Catholics are still groping in the dark in the nineteenth century! Catholics alone recognize a living, visible, teaching Church—a Church unerring—a Church infallible—a Church representing God Himself. Non-Catholics, tossed about by the fickle fickleness of private judgment, are guided by the religious weathercock of private opinion. The Catholic Church, on the part of Jesus Christ Himself, teaches her children not only what to believe, but how to act in accordance with their belief—teaches them that in the Christian economy there are not only Sacramental, but sacrificial ordinances. She prescribes the rites—the ritual—the Ritualism by which the Sacraments are administered to mankind, and the Divine Sacrifice to be offered up to the Most High God.

But let us not detain with mere æsthetics, however prepossessing, which naturally follow the possession of truth. Let us not detain with the ornamental, when we refer to the substantial; when we point to the one grand edifice of the Church—Catholic and Roman—which stands alone the pillar of Truth, reposing on the Rock of Ages, and whose foundations are laid on the eternal hills—that Church whose glory is indefectibility—whose duration is perpetuity—whose



commencement is coeval with Christianity itself—whose “maker and builder” is God!

Let us rather examine the points of attack, and see if any battlement can be stormed; any fortress can be taken. Or, rather, let us inquire if the whole mystical body of Christ, which is the Church, is not impregnable; is not encased in a panoply of defence, so that no javelin, whether proceeding from Prussia or from England—from Bismarck or from Gladstone—from the *Highlands* or from the *Netherlands*—shall I call them the *Infernal Lands*?—can penetrate!

Let us come to the obnoxious charges—charges quite irrelevant to the point at issue, and therefore wantonly gratuitous—charges offensive in the extreme, and moreover utterly baseless. One really is at a loss to know what spirit could have inspired the bland and usually imperturbable ex-Premier to dip his pen into gall instead of ink, and, in the quietude of his study, instead of the excitement of the hustings, to write off the most unmeasured diatribe, which stands almost without a parallel since the days of the so-called “Papal Aggression” and the infamous “Durham Letter.” Surely the nervous system must be periodically unstrung when it yields, without apparent provocation, to such splenetic paroxysms. Or can it be possible that the writer may yet astonish the world by a dissolution of partnership with his earthly creed, as he so unexpectedly dissolved the late Parliament? Does Mr. Gladstone feel himself in a similar position to Dr. Newman, who, before he became a Catholic, had uttered the strongest language in denunciation of Rome? But let the reverend Doctor tell his own tale, as given in his masterly *Apologia*: “I believed, and really measured my words when I used them; but I knew that I had a temptation, on the other hand, to say against Rome as much as ever I could, in order to protect myself against the charge of Popery.” The ex-Premier, having had also a temptation, is anxious to protect himself against the charge of Popery; and hence has he rung the changes against Romanism in the most indignant vocabulary. Peradventure he likewise, like some others, may be visited by a miracle of grace, and assuredly he would not then repair to the banks of the Rhine, to take counsel with an arrogant apostate, but rather to the banks of the Tiber, to receive the blessing of the imprisoned Pontiff of Christendom!

Without indulging in any hypothesis, which is possible



however improbable, let us give the notorious extract from the *Record* :—

“ Mr. Gladstone’s *Contemporary Review* article on Ritualism contains one especially striking passage. The late Premier declares that attempts to Romanize the Church and people of England are visionary. He says, ‘ That at no time since the bloody reign of Mary has such a scheme been possible. But,’ he adds, ‘ if it had been possible in the seventeenth or eighteenth centuries, it would still have been impossible in the nineteenth, when Rome has substituted for the proud boast *semper eadem* a policy of violence and a change of faith; when she has refurbished and paraded anew every rusty tool she was finally thought to have disused; when no one can become a convert without renouncing his moral and mental freedom, and placing his civil loyalty and duty at the mercy of another, and when she has equally repudiated modern thought and ancient history.’ What will Mr. Gladstone’s late colleague, Lord Ripon, a ‘ convert ’ of only a few days’ standing, say to this?”

Let Lord Ripon, so distinguished for his scholar-like attainments, say what he chooses, but let us at least speak for ourselves. Let us take up these assertions *seriatim*, and give the most categorical answer to these helter-skelter accusations.

The ex-Premier declares that “ attempts to Romanize the Church and people of England are visionary.” Now we submit that such an occurrence, however improbable, is no more visionary than it was in the sixth century, when the holy Pontiff, Gregory the Great, sent the Benedictine monks to Christianize this land. What happened before might happen again. We say in logics, *a posse ad esse*, not *valet illatio*; but we also say, *ab esse ad posse valet*. So, despite Mr. Gladstone’s sinister visions, it is perfectly possible, if not probable, that the “ Church and people of England ” may be again Romanized! May Heaven speed the day!

The ex-Premier says, “ That at no time, since the bloody reign of Mary, has such a scheme been possible.” Now we do submit that this speech is in bad taste, and in worse judgment. It is so gratuitously insulting—so utterly uncalled for—so alien to the writer’s inoffensive antecedents.

We submit, again, that it is impolitic, as it is unstatesmanlike—especially for an ex-Prime Minister—to indulge in sanguinary retrospects and criminations. It is unwise to provoke retorts by our referring to the bloody reigns of Henry VIII., Edward and Elizabeth. The English martyrs—*salvete flores martyrum!*—whose process of canonization, prepared at Westminster, is at this very moment pending at Rome—could tell a tale of those bitter days of persecution when Catholics, on account of their religion, were despoiled

of their liberty and property, and who sealed their faith by the effusion of their heart's blood!

A noteworthy case just presents itself in point. An interesting function took place this month at the Chantry Chapel of Thorndon Hall. By the courtesy of the lords of the Admiralty, the Right Hon. the Lord Petre was permitted to remove the remains of his martyred Catholic ancestor, the last Earl of Darwentwater, from Dilston, Northumberland, to Thorndon. The gallant young Earl had been charged with treason for joining the army of the so-called Pretender, Prince Charles Edward Stuart. He was committed to the Tower, tried by the House of Lords and condemned to death. He was offered his life and liberty and possessions if he would apostalize from the ancient faith. He indignantly refused, and died the death of the martyr at the early age of twenty-seven, thus leaving to posterity a glorious example of heroic fortitude!

These days are happily past, till the ex-Premier, by some master-stroke of diplomacy, returns to office, and then we shall see what is to be seen. We might, possibly, see a drag put upon the action of the Church, and Churchmen called upon to succumb to obnoxious penal laws! What is done in Germany might be done also in the British Isles. The bully Bismarck might be copied by the once-Liberal Gladstone, and the anti-Christian spirit of Julian the apostate, might be evoked in the British Senate.

The right honourable gentleman has lately been on a visit to Munich, where, it is said, he had received certain inspirations. He has taken poisonous counsel from the now notorious Döllinger, who is enraged with Rome, as he is disappointed with Catholic Germany. He may have gone on to Prussia to study how, in this rationalistic age, to reduce to imitative practice the monstrous enactments of Berlin legislation! Should any penal code, at any future time, be revived in this country, under his *benignant* auspices, then might we say—*quantum mutatus ab illo*—or, rather, methinks that the unanimous voice of the Oxford converts would greet their quondam fellow-disciple of the university, as did Gregory Nazianzen salute his former fellow-disciple, Julian the apostate—"Thou persecutor after Herod! thou traitor after Judas! thou murderer of Christ after Pilate! thou enemy of God after the Jews!" *Orat in Jul.* These are no measured words, and this is not the time for namby-pamby platitudes, when in God's name, *pro aris et focus*, we are called upon to battle with the enemy!

The honourable gentleman has been most unfortunate in seeking ecclesiastical advice from one who is no longer a Catholic, but who has dubbed the sect which he has founded—the heretical sect that was born but yesterday—with the preposterous name of the Old Catholic! He is no longer a Catholic—he has refused to obey the Church—he suffers the bitter penalty; he is cast forth as the Heathen and the Publican; he no longer belongs to the Church of all ages and of all countries; but he has thrown in his lot with his unhappy heretical and schismatical co-religionists. There he stands, on the banks of the Rhine, isolated from Christendom, a withered branch scathed with the lightening of Heaven's excommunication; blasted with the thunderbolt of the Church's anathema; and cut off, until he repents, from the Tree of Eternal Life!

The consummate arrogance of Dr. Döllinger reminds me of a little noteworthy incident which happened long years ago. As it bears upon the point before us, I may be permitted to rehearse the narrative.

In the year 1837, when I was returning as a young priest from Rome, I had the good fortune to enjoy the companionship of some distinguished fellow-travellers. One, a good Irish priest, conspicuous for his zealous labours in the ministry, was afterwards elevated to the Episcopate. The second, a most jovial Scottish Priest—now no more (R.I.P.)—whose sterling worth I shall ever treasure in recollection. The third, a most learned French Priest, who held the dignified position of president of a college in Belgium. We travelled together from the Eternal City in the pleasing jogtrot vetturino to Turin. Thence we crossed the Alps, and hied on from Lyons to Paris. We were all as jolly as possible on the way, in great health and spirits, but the good Abbé was radiant with delight. He was returning in triumph to Belgium, fortified with the blessing of the Holy Father, Gregory XVI., and with the decided approval of his writings, by the Sacred Congregation of Propoganda. He was a profound theologian as he was an acute metaphysician, and he had entered into the arena of conflict with one of the most brilliant spirits of the day—one who in science and letters, in history and philology, in rhetoric and the classics, stood proudly conspicuous,—one before whom the professor on the banks of the Rhine or the Danube might bow his head, and the *literati* upon the banks of the Thames would “pale their lesser fires.” Yet this grand thinker and scholar—this giant in classical, philological and philosophical erudition—this Lucifer



who shone so resplendently in his starry firmament, and who was followed by a galaxy of the highest order of intellect—was tarnished with one deep and deadly sin. It was the sin of pride!—the pride of intellect so common in the present day—the inflated arrogance of intellectual power! No doubt he had done mighty service to Holy Church by his incomparable writings—he had bearded the tiger of irreligious anarchy, and chained the wild beasts of an impious revolution—he had stemmed the tide of infidelity, and exposed the hollowness of the so-called Reformation. He was much in advance of the age, and penetrated far into the future; he had gathered around him the choicest spirits of the times. Suffice to mention the brilliant De Caux, the magniloquent Lacordaire, the chivalrous Count de Montalembert. He established a periodical like to the *Edinburgh Review* in its palmy days, which rejoiced in the association of Brougham, and Jeffrey, and Lockhart, and Sidney Smith. He called it *L'Avenir!* Its motto was most prepossessing—“God and Liberty—the Pope and the People.” Yet this great man—this genius in conception—this giant in execution—this Boanerges—this son of thunder—broached certain fantastic theories which did not tally with revealed religion, and which were instantly condemned by the Holy Roman Apostolic See. His disciples, the lesser stars, recognizing the voice of the Church as the voice of God, obeyed and still diffused their steady light, but the once great luminary became eclipsed. The eagle mind that had soared above the clouds, and winged its flight into the ethereal regions, had dared, without reverential obedience, to contemplate the sanctuary of the Church, which was the grand masterpiece of God’s creative power. That eagle mind, so highly elevated, was wounded under the pinions by the spiritual arrow of Heaven’s anathema, and with drooped crest and faded plumage fell headlong upon the earth! It fell, alas! to rise no more! Such was the lamentable end of the once brilliant but ill-starred Abbé de Lammenais, who, as a disobedient son, died without being reconciled to our holy Mother Church. How startlingly true are the words of the Scripture—“*Abominatio Domino est omnis arrogans.*” The proud man is an abomination to the Lord God. Therefore, let one and all sedulously cultivate the darling virtue of humility!

Well, then, do I remember our Continental journey, and its varied and pleasing incidents, and still do I seem to hear the echo of that sonorous voice which denounced so repeatedly the *orgueil* of the ill-fated Abbé de Lammenais!



But let us pass to brighter scenes "and pastures new."

Long had we cherished the hope to revisit the *Limina Apostolorum*, to receive the blessing of the martyred Pontiff Pius IX, and to review the scenes of early years. The winter of '63 and '64 saw the fulfilment of our heart's desire. It was passed in Rome—ancient and modern—in Capua, Naples, Pompeii and Herculaneum, Ravenna and Venice. On our return homewards we wended our way by the Tyrol, through Trent and Innsbruck. Germany we visited, and at Munich we made the acquaintance of the learned and then honoured professor, Dr. Döllinger. Our conversation was protracted and diversified, which turned upon the religious interests of the day. In reply to certain remarks in relation to Germany and Rome, we observed that a representation could be made to our spiritual headquarters, and that, beyond any doubt, the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda would be quite equal to the requirements of the Church in Germany, as well as to all the kingdoms of the globe!

Since those days a sad change has come over the spirit of the professor's dreams. The subject is too ample to be noticed at the present moment. May we therefore hope against hope, that he who once rowed so valiantly in the bark of Peter may return as yet to his oar, and never slacken again till he has arrived at the happy haven of eternal life!

Since we are pressed for time, and most anxious to take advantage of the interest awakened in the subject, to publish without delay, we are pleased to give the following extract from an elaborate lecture delivered a few days ago in Dublin, which is peculiarly happy in its outspoken criticism, and which is most telling as proceeding from a recent convert:

In conclusion, Lord Robert Montagu quoted from Mr. Gladstone's article in the *Contemporary Review* the passage so offensive to Catholics, and said:—"This review has been written by a very eminent statesman; how came such words to be thrust in out of place? They must have been slipped in—shall we say by the occult influence of the printer's devil? The Church of Rome has not substituted a change of faith for her ancient *semper eadem*, because she is the eternal Church, the teacher of the truth of the Eternal God, which, therefore, cannot change. She has not resorted to a policy of violence, for, as I have shown, she has ever laboured to establish peace and goodwill. The 'rusty tools' he speaks of are the weapons with which Jesus Christ has provided His Church, bidding her to make war upon the world, the flesh and the devil; but they are not rusty tools, for they have come thence where moth and rust do not corrupt, and belong to her, against whom the gates of hell shall not prevail. It is, moreover, false to assert that converts to her must renounce their moral and mental freedom, and place their civil loyalty and duty at the mercy of another. My civil loyalty is greater and more steadfast now than before; because it was then a sentiment, it is now a religious duty. But

does not Protestantism cut at the root of loyalty? Is not Protestantism a revolt against authority, and the proclamation of a self-willed independence of all authority? Renounce our moral and mental freedom! In arriving at the truth, and embracing it, we renounce our mental freedom forsooth! Then, if we continue to wander amidst errors, we exercise our mental freedom. If I do not renounce my mental freedom in becoming the servant of mathematical truth, should I renounce my freedom in becoming the servant of the God of Truth, and accepting His teaching, and believing His revelation—in short, in becoming a faithful Catholic Christian? Ancient history I have not repudiated; to ancient history I have this evening appealed. But I have repudiated modern thought, if Mr. Gladstone, the great leader of the Liberal party, means by modern thought the mischievous ideas of 1789, and by fervour in religion a little harmless artistic taste. I belong to the Church of God; not to the synagogue of Satan. I look to the Church to remove now, as she did in the early centuries, the evils of modern thought, by the remedial agency of her plentitude of authority. For the world is now as it was, after the ages of planting and watering."

After this emphatic repudiation on the part of Lord Robert Montague of the charges advanced by the premier against the Catholic and Roman Church, and against which we also enter our most solemn protest, little else remains at this moment but to demand proof positive and incontestable, for such arrant flippancy. We hold that the right honourable gentleman has made assertions which he cannot defend, and accusations which he cannot substantiate. As his essay on Ritualism is a decided failure, so his charges against the only Church of God upon earth are perfectly gratuitous. No one knows better than the learned and accomplished writer, the amporism which obtains in the Logic class, *Quod gratis asseritur, gratis negatur*; therefore we say that his assertions are groundless, that his accusations are utterly destitute of truth. We do not arraign him for uttering wilful falsehoods, but we do impeach him for making statements which are utterly false, and therefore devoid of foundation. To sum up these desultory remarks which we pen at the last moment, and while our pages are passing through the press, we demand, at his hands in the name of common honesty, reason and religion, an unqualified retraction of those false charges, and a generous vindication of the slandered fame of the ancient Church of Christendom! We need not proclaim the notorious fact that non-Catholics are labouring under the most dismal hallucination in regard to the Holy, Apostolic, Roman Church—that Church which must ever realize the beautiful lay of the convert minstrel—

Without unspotted, innocent within,  
She fears no danger, for she knows no sin.



